



# The Violette



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE JUNIOR COLLEGE

VOL. X

MARTIN, TENNESSEE, MONDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1931

No. 4

## College To Have Christmas Program

St. Nicholas to Visit U. T. J. C.

Mr. Charles E. ... St. Nicholas ... here for the Christmas celebration that is to be held in the U. T. J. C. ...

... St. Nicholas ...

... St. Nicholas ...

## Former Students to Wed

Robert Reed Will Marry Miss ...

...

...

...

...

...

...

## Annual Staff Completed Coach Grantham

In the Hospital

Volunteer Junior Work in Full Swing

... and Bill Wil ...

... Hake Perceost ...

...

## Chapel Programs

Tuesday, December 1, 1931

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... Grantham is in a Memphis hospital recuperating from a recent illness. It is not known just when he will be able to return to his duties as Director of Physical Education for Men, but it is hoped that it will be soon. The basketball team, although practicing daily, is missing Mr. Grantham very much.

Meanwhile, the Physical Education department is in charge of Miss Eve ...

## Home Economics Extension Course

Martin and Other Towns Are Given Advantage of Special Courses

For the third successive winter the University of Tennessee Junior College in cooperation with the Smith-Hughes Federal Fund is offering to ...

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...

## From Other Colleges

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## THE VOLETTE

University of Tennessee

SCHOOL YEAR

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Editor-in-Chief  
Business Manager  
Assistant Business Manager  
Exchange Editor

MARY NELL POYNER  
MARY MOSS  
L. H. M. CAFFEY  
LUCILLE OWENS



Nothing  
to  
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high  
to  
to  
to

## Loafer, Jr.,

Dear Santa Claus:

I am a little co-ed attending U. T. J. C. I'm at the tender age of 19 and have never been kissed. Santa, please send me a great big he-man like Woodrow Butler.

From your little admirer,  
LUCILLE OWENS.

Dear St. Nicholas:

I'm not such a little girl, but I do love pretty presents even pretty second-hand presents. The bursar has a beautiful fraternity pin.

Here's hoping,  
MARY LOONEY.

Dear Ole Santy:

I'm a real little boy, just 6 years old. I want to tell you that I have been a good little boy all year. Please bring me some nice presents and toys. I was so disappointed at getting only ashes and switches in my sock last year. Remember the Lord loves a cheerful giver.

Your BIT pal,  
SINKER BILL.

Dear Santa Claus:

I am just a quiet shy girl who seems never to get excited. My one ambition is to be peppy and enthusiastic over nothing, as other co-eds are. Have you, in your travels, procured a book on how to overcome this malady? If so, please bring it to me. I will have my stocking up on the mantle and go to bed early.

Trusting you will not forget me,  
I remain,

Yours truly,  
MARTHA RAST.

Dear Darling:

My name is Dorothy and I am calling. Don't I am a very cute little girl. Everyone likes me, so I'm sure you will, too. If you do, please bring me beauty, popularity, respect and a lot of pretty clothes.

I love you  
DOT EDMUNDSON.

P.S. I forgot to ask you to please bring me a lot of money, too. That's this time.

Dear Santa Claus:

Please my little I ask nothing, but for my school mates I wish you would drop down the following items as you fly over the campus:

For the Faculty Indulgence.  
For Maddox a new package of razor blades, for Mary Moss, a new pair of garters.  
For Pop Cravens A new joke.  
For Son Thomas Some hair oil.  
For Stella Seates A dictionary of proper pronunciation.  
For Mr. Phillips Some Psychology and questions that somebody can answer.  
For Mr. Middle A strong nerve ton.  
For Mrs. Mabey A pleasant ex-stension.  
For Mrs. Morgan A stove-pipe hat.

For Billy Powell A new love.  
For Codebank I don't know what.  
For Hunt and Hunt and Hunt etc.  
For Mrs. Lyons Someone to play with Philmore during Christmas holidays.

For every key to fit every lock.  
For every girl Some one to call her Petal.

For Mrs. Woods A new reverse side to life.

For Dr. Schmidt A germ-proof blanket for every door on the campus.

For every Merry New Year and Happy Christmas and a headache a day after each.

LOAFER JR.

Talk about an absent-minded professor! Jasper Burnett has been in Mr. Craven's classes for two years and Mr. Cravens has not learned Burnett's name yet. He calls him Barnett and Barrett, etc.

Mrs. Wilson wonders why "Son" Thomas lay in bed so long Thursday morning, December 3. ? ? ?

The Loafer, Jr., wonders why "Red" Bradford likes Sharon so well ? ? ?

The Loafer, Jr., wonders why "Little" Hendrix quit going with Lillie May Leake ? ? ?

We wonder if Roscoe Hunt is really as dumb as his questions indicate, or does he ask them to worry the teachers ? ? ?

The way to be popular with the students is to get a job in the book store. Just ask Lucille Owens ? ? ?

We wonder if Laverne Brint is really that bashful, or does he have some one at home that makes him that way ? ? ?

We understand Mr. Reeder has no cigars at the "College Inn." Mr. Reeder, don't you know college students like cigars ? ? ?

The Loafer, Jr., wonders why Mr. Claxton likes to go on opossum hunts so well ? ? ?

The Loafer, Jr., wonders why James Martin does not like to date in the Dormitory ? ? ?

U.T.J.C.

## Data for Daters

Making a date is a very unpleasant experience, but when one tries to make a date for a dance, it is terrible. Hundreds of boys commit the unpardonable because they are embarrassed when they want to ask the one and only woman for a date. Study the following dialogues and avoid disgrace by making your attack accordingly:

You: "Are you going to the dance?"

Her: "Why of course!"

You: "I always said you'd go to a dance some day."

---T---

You: "Have you a date for tonight?"

Her: "I'm going to the dance."

You: "I didn't ask you that."

---T---

You: "Will you go to the dance with me?"

Her: "Sorry, but John asked me first."

You: "Good! Now I can ask Mary!"

---T---

Her: "Will you go to the dance tonight with me?"

She: "No!"

Her: "Fine; two dollars saved is two dollars made."

---T---

There was a little girl,  
Who had a little curl  
Right in the middle of her forehead.  
When she was good,  
She was very, very good,  
But when she was bad—  
She was popular!

---T---

Love's Lane

Friendship, N. Y.  
Love, Va.  
Kissimmee, Florida.  
Ring, Ark.  
Parson, Ky.  
Reno, Nev.

---T---

A Toast

Here's to the girls the young ones!  
Not too young.

For the good die young;  
And nobody wants a dead one.

Here's to the girls the old ones!

Not too old,

For the old dye, too—

And nobody wants a dyed one.  
Selected.

# WHAT DO GRADES MEAN?

Revelation or Discussions	A	B	C	D
Questions	Asks many good questions	Asks some good questions	Asks questions but few are good.	Rarely asks good questions.
Tests	Makes a very high grade.	Makes a high grade but lower than "A".	Makes an average grade.	Low grade.
Attitude in class	Alert and active	Responsive.	Takes part if called on.	Often does not know what it is all about.
Effort	Always best effort.	Effort satisfactory.	Effort fair.	Slight effort.
Reports	Voluntary	Makes good reports when requested.	Makes fair reports on request.	No reports.
Preparation	Always prepared.	Always prepared.	Usually prepared.	Poorly prepared.
Method of studying	Systematic.	Systematic.	Does not plan his study but manages to at least read over lesson.	Makes no plan to study and does not manage to read over lesson.
Reference work on lesson	Looks up something each day.	Does reference work if told to do so.	Does reference work only when specially assigned.	Studies only his own text.
Promptness	Always prompt	Usually prompt.	Sometimes prompt.	Never prompt.
Problems	Solves extra, solves them all by himself.	Solves all by himself, but needs assistance on difficult ones.	Solves most — the simpler ones.	Solves few or none.
Reading	Reads subject for pleasure.	Reads only in line of interest.	Reads only when made to.	Never reads on subject for pleasure.
Interest	Is interested in his subject outside classroom.	Has some interest in his subject outside classroom.	Sees his subject in his outside life only if pointed out.	Rarely has an interest in the subject outside class.

## The Tuba's Oompah

"I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby."

This above tune of a few years will be put to use as the Christmas Depression Chant for many of us. It's the only Oompah I can get out of the Tuba. Take a tip, lovesick. If you ever had a falling out have it now, cause these are the times what try one's pocketbook. Just remember this little Christmas pep song:

Jingle morning! Jingle evening!  
Jingle all the day!  
That's the way your money goes.  
Buy gifts, pap and pap and pay.  
(To the tune of Jingle Bells.)

Advice to the lovelorn at this particular time: "So find a million dollar baby and you won't need any Santa Claus."

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I have asked for contributions to this column repeatedly, but as the monkey said when he scratched his back, "That's one on me." However, folks, that's neither here nor there, because I know we all feel good over going home for the holidays. You have all been so nice to ask me to visit you Christmas and I would like to go home with all of you, but I'd have to be quadruple quadruplelets to do that, so I'll go to my home and you go to your home and I know we'll all have a big time. In closing let me wish you all a Happy Christmas and a Merry New Year, or vice versa if you wish.

Elatedly,  
TUBA

P. S.—Toothpaste, like soap, isn't a very appropriate gift, and doesn't sell at Christmas time. Woe is me I have no last name this month.

December 12, 1931,  
U. T. Junior College,  
Martin, Tennessee.

Dear Santa:

I am a little college boy, 2 years old. I have never asked for much but this year, Santa, I am asking for some unusual gifts. As you know, Santa, the Depression is on. I have, thru no fault of my own, become involved with several little girls. Now listen, Santa, I ask you as man to man, get me out of this picklement.

My girl, Velma, is very extravagant; she wants a new watch. Keep me out of trouble, bring me one like Mr. Fitts Jewelry Company has in the window and I'll deliver it in person.

My suppressed desire, Gene Brandon, won't give me a break, so, Santa, maybe if you'd bring some real nice gift for me to give her I could make a big hit in a big way. She is such a little dear and I want so to add her to my already long list of admirers. I may have others between now and Christmas, but these are the main ones so fill these orders first.

Oh! Santa, if you ever loved me, help me now, cause I'm a misunderstood ladies' man, a "fur" piece from home.

Your little friend,  
JOHNNIE KENNON.

P. S.—Don't let a soul see this letter because they would tease me and I'm so bashful.

## Imaginary Interviews With U. T. J. C. Celebrities in 1950

There are occasional rewards in being a poorly paid reporter. This was my inescapable impression after my interview with one of America's well known men—that is well known from prominent mention in our leading journals of trade and finance, but less known in those intimate insights that come when a great man grants one the privilege of observing him at his work. I had been told by the editor that Mr. Bascomb Thomas was very modest and had repeatedly refused to be interviewed and here was I, a frail wisp of a girl, sending my card in to the most eminent efficiency expert of America, or of the world for that matter. I could just almost see him take a glimpse at my card

MARY DOOLITTLE  
Martin Morning Dispatch

and exclaim: "Another one of those pesky reporters. Throw her out. My time is too valuable to be wasted in answerin' silly questions of curious reporters."

You can imagine my surprise when his secretary returned and said, "Mr. Thomas says he will be glad to see you. Walk right in." No wonder I faltered and stammered as I tried to seem composed and calm in the presence of the great Thomas when literally hundreds of reporters had been turned away as they sought to interview this man who was turning the world upside down with his phenomenal efficiency program.

"Mr. Thomas, I er, er," Words seemed to choke me and there I stood, one of the star reporters of Martin's leading morning paper, the essence of inefficiency in the presence of the very personification of efficiency. But "Efficiency Thomas" rose to the occasion nobly, seeming to sense my awe quickly just as he had seen thru thousands of perplexing problems for the giants of American industry and commerce. He extended his right hand as he continued his work with his left. "Miss Doolittle, be seated. You would like to ask me questions concerning my work, I suppose." In his hand clasp there was firmness, in his speech there was decliveness.

Not a single unnecessary movement or word in his greeting. Regaining my composure I managed to say: "What the public would like most to know, Mr. Thomas, is something about your spectacular success. In other words, they would like to know to what you attribute your remarkable rise to fame and position as efficiency expert."

"If it may prove an incentive to ambitious youth of our land today, I shall tell you gladly, Miss Doolittle." Here was my cue and, of course, I assured him that any words from his, already the idol of thousands of college youth, would be eagerly devoured and would light the way for struggling young men like a beacon light.

"Time," began this great glutton for efficiency, "is the most important factor in our modern life. In my day we used to travel in slow moving automobiles that at best could travel only 60 or 75 miles an hour. I recall a man by the name of Ford who invented one of these vehicles which was advertised widely as capable of making 75 miles an hour. Today ourairo-speedsters make 500 miles an hour as easily." True to his reputation for modesty he refrained from saying, "myairo-speedster," which he could have said, for had he not given it to the world? And had not speed been a Thomas obsession? Was he not called "Speedy" Thomas in his football days? Had not his quick wit earned for him another title of "Sun" Thomas—or was it "Son"? Had he not shown his mania for speed in his courtship as also in the selection of his wife, who was known in her set as the speediest think in skirts?

"Time is valuable as I was saying," continued Mr. Thomas. "Take the matter of sleep. Here much time can be saved. I never sleep in bed. What could be more wasteful of time than to spend 8 hours flat on one's back in

(Continued on page Four)

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Continued from page 60

The explanation is, of course, that the new wetlands are very fertile. In the early stages of the development of the new known peat wetlands. It may be that the new peat wetlands are the best for tinting the color of the water. It is said that it will never be so.

### Display of Free Material.

## Martin Tennes, et

## SHOTGUN PASS

1. *Confession* (1991)

61 in a p. Ellen kept only 5  
 62 in a p. that all we have  
 63 in a p. I wanted to go to  
 64 in a p. I got very in  
 65 in a p. the every which I had  
 66 in a p. when I came  
 67 in a p. why I was willing to  
 68 in a p. I have a great y  
 69 in a p. I am not by other re  
 70 in a p. on the speak  
 71 in a p.

...the world. What a break!

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